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## The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1762, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is issued quarterly, with forty-eight columns filled with news from all parts of the country, local and general news, well selected musical, literary and valuable humor and household departments. Regarding so many households in this and other states the illustrated pages given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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## Local Matters.

### Y. M. C. A. Dedication.

Although Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the donor of the handsome new Vanderbilt Memorial Building for the Y. M. C. A., will probably be unable to be present, the dedicatory exercises for the new building will be held at the last of the year, there being practically a three days' programme in honor of the occasion. Some noted speakers from out of town have promised to be present, and an interesting programme will be arranged.

The formal exercises will be held on Friday evening, December 31, when the principal address will be made by President William H. P. Faunce of Brown University. There will also be short addresses by one or two other speakers from out of town, but all the details have not yet been arranged.

On the following day, New Year's, there will be a public reception and inspection of the building, afternoon and evening, at which the members of the Women's Auxiliary will assist in a social way and will serve a light collation.

Sunday will be observed as Angelation Day throughout the city. In a number of the city pulpits there will be Y. M. C. A. speakers at the morning services. There will be a men's meeting in the Vanderbilt building Sunday afternoon, at which ex-Governor George H. Utter of Westerly will be the principal speaker. Sunday evening there will probably be a mass meeting at the Y. M. C. A., a number of the obnoxious having already expressed their willingness to give up their own evening services to participate at this meeting. It will probably be in the nature of a platform meeting, with a number of the prominent Y. M. C. A. speakers who will be there at that time.

### Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was quite a busy one, there being several important matters to be considered.

The commissioners appointed some time ago to investigate the matter of widening Third street made a report,

showing that the cost to the city would be very large. They were unable to come to terms with some of the abutters as to the value of the land that would be necessary and consequently were obliged to report estimates only in some cases. The total cost to the city figured at nearly \$100,000. The report of the commission was received and their bill of \$250 was ordered paid.

A number of petitions for streetlights were received and referred to committees. Two petitions for remission of taxes were referred to the assessors of taxes. Several minor licenses were granted. Aldermen Shepley, Maboney and Kelly were reappointed a committee to have charge of the inauguration of the new city government in January. The regular weekly bills and pay rolls were approved.

On the return of Captain S. C. Griffith of the police department for reimbursement of expenses he incurred as the result of a fall on an alleged defective sidewalk on Calver street, it was voted to pay him \$75.85 for doctor's bill and medicines. The lease of the city quarry for two years, as drawn by the city solicitor, was approved and signed.

An attempt to call up the report on the proposed Batewan avenue extension was unsuccessful, but the West Narragansett avenue extension was taken up and a hearing ordered for January 10.

Officers Weaver and Graus are confined to their homes by illness.

Mrs. John H. Sanborn, wife of Dr. John H. Sanborn, is ill at her home on Malbone avenue. Her condition does not show the improvement that her many friends would like to see.

Miss Helen Gould has presented the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. of this city with a fine graphophone for Christmas.

Officers Weaver and Graus are confined to their homes by illness.

### Professor Crosby's Reading.

At the Unity Club on Tuesday evening Professor Thomas Crosby gave his annual reading before the Club, taking Sidney Grundy's play of "Sowing the Wind" as his selection. The President, A. O'D. Taylor, Jr., opened the meeting by expressing the welcome which he felt was in store for Professor Crosby. He then made some brief remarks on the origin of the "problem" play, explaining that the "problem" generally arose through the condition of our complicated social arrangements, coming in contact with our professed, though often unpracticed Christian beliefs—a discord immediately sounded, the harmony of life lost for the time, and the "problem" is born. Mr. Taylor pointed out that three "problems" were by no means new, but were matters which had been under the greatest consideration of clergymen, philanthropists, social reformers and others for many, many years. These bodies of men had not been able to cure the condition, and the solution is still to be found. Naturally the "problem" found its way to the stage, which is the great mirror which reflects life in all its aspects. Here the "problem" will be clearly seen by the masses and possibly thus added light and publicity be given to the subject may be the means of eventually discovering the solution. Mr. Taylor thought however that the solution must be found in each individual's heart.

The play of "Sowing the Wind" is considered one of Sidney Grundy's strongest and most masterly works, and the reading of it by Professor Crosby was an artistic treat to all present. Professor Crosby's deficiency of appreciation, and his peculiarly well modulated voice, added greatly to the artistic success achieved by him in this reading.

Fifty 200 people were present, and all pronounced the evening a decided success.

The next meeting will be a paper on "The Chamber" by Miss Grace Brezier, January 4, 1910.

### A New Hotel.

The Breton's Reef Hotel Company announce that they have selected a site on Boston's Point, a short distance over the Middletown Bay, as the location for a fine summer hotel which they are going to put up there. They claim that the structure will be modern in every respect, of fireproof construction, and will be what Newport is greatly in need of. They say that work will begin soon. The site has been selected only after careful consideration of all the available places, and is regarded as satisfactory. Negotiations will be entered into with the street railway to an endeavor to secure an extension of the tracks at least as far as the bridge, so that the guests can have easy access to the city by the cars as well as by the automobiles that will be maintained by the hotel.

There is no doubt about the necessity for a hotel in Newport, and if this company means business it should receive much encouragement from the Newport business men. Some think the situation chosen is too far from the business section to be of the greatest benefit to the city, but there is no doubt that a good hotel wherever located within a reasonable distance will be of very great help to the business interests.

### R. J. Mines Inspected.

The Rhode Island Coal Mines at Portsmouth were inspected on Wednesday by Mr. H. M. Whitney, of Boston, the promoter of the company, and others of the leading stockholders. Mr. Whitney is very enthusiastic over the prospects. The company has at present six diamond drills at work on various parts of the island drilling for coal. A large amount of lumber has been deposited at the Portsmouth station, the old buildings are being repaired and several new ones are being built. Some coal has been mined and shipped to Boston. Mr. Whitney says that the coal mines will be a very attractive spot for the next four years and will be the mecca for many people from other parts of the country. He had with him on this inspection several photographers who were to make pictures of the buildings, etc., belonging to the company.

Captain Cameran McRae Winslow, who has occupied the Cleveland Cottage in this city for several seasons, has taken a long lease of the Foxhall Keene estate on Long Island.

Mrs. John H. Sanborn, wife of Dr. John H. Sanborn, is ill at her home on Malbone avenue. Her condition does not show the improvement that her many friends would like to see.

Mr. and Mrs. Coomer A. Easterbrook are entertaining their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Angel, of Johnston, at their home on Walnut street.

### Lots of Wind.

Newport was visited by a gale Saturday night at three attested a velocity in exposed spots that wave-tossed at about 65 miles an hour, and which very effectually interfered with all outside traffic during the night, and which caused houses within the city proper to rock and sway with the force of the blasts. As the greatest violence of the storm came at a late hour of the night the regular vessels inside the bay escaped its severity but the Fall River Line steamers were obliged to lay by until the gale had somewhat abated.

There was very little damage done on land or sea in this vicinity. A chimney fell standing by the fire at Easton's Beach was blown down and fell across the road so that early passer-by the following morning had difficulty in getting by. Further up Bath road a tree that was blown across the road from the residence of Dr. Richard V. Matteson formed a second obstruction.

During the night a report was sent to the Life Saving Station that a launch was in danger near Sachuest Beach and an investigation was made, but it was found that there was no one on board, so no attempt was made to go out to it. The next morning the launch came ashore on the beach and was rescued by its owner with comparatively little damage being done.

The passengers for New York who had engaged passage by the Fall River Line that night was sent on by special train. The steamer coming eastward was obliged to lay up in the Sound during the height of the storm and did not reach here until about nine o'clock Tuesday morning when the Boston passengers were taken through to their destination on a special train.

An old tax book of the City of Newport for the year 1868 has recently come to hand, and proves of interest because of the contrast between that time and to-day. The amount to be raised by taxation was fixed at not less than \$78,000 nor more than \$80,000, including the State tax of \$25,820.24. The total value of real estate was \$71,799,800, of personal property, \$4,185,800, giving a total valuation of \$75,885,600. The rate of taxation was 86 cents on a hundred, and this gave a tax of \$79,104.20. The tax assessors were William Swan, Samuel Sterns, John N. Potter, Joseph A. Carr, and Clark Burdick. William J. H. Allman was the collector.

The case of Sarah Bisson vs. Louis B. Bisson for separate maintenance was taken up, on Monday afternoon, on the claim of the petitioner that the respondent had not complied with the order of the court to make certain payments. Evidence was introduced to show that the respondent was unable to make the payments ordered. On agreement of his counsel to pay counsel and witness fees for the petitioner, the case was allowed to go to trial on its merits the next day, when the court granted the prayer for separate maintenance and gave the petitioner custody of the children with \$15 a week alimony.

On Tuesday, the divorce petition of Benjamin T. McLyman, Jr., vs. Ethel M. McLyman was further considered and divorce was granted on the ground of desertion.

Bessie Wilton Manchester vs. Jonathan Gould Manchester was a Portsmouth divorce case, and much testimony was taken. After hearing the testimony regarding the responsibility of the husband and his sickness the petition was denied and the case was dismissed.

There was but a brief session of the court on Wednesday, there being no case for trial. A few entries were made on the docket and the court then adjourned until Thursday.

On Thursday there was a case for trial by a jury of which John A. Elliott of Portsmouth was foreman. This was William T. Libby vs. Frank M. Bott alias, and involved the guarantee of certain mining stock sold to plaintiff by defendant. The plaintiff claimed the defendant sold him a certain number of shares of the Lava Beds Mining and Milling Company of California, with a guarantee that he could have his money back in a year if he wanted it. For the defendant it was claimed that the guarantee was not a personal one with the defendant, who claimed to be merely an agent, but was the guarantee of Dr. Merrill of St. Louis.

It was further claimed that the plaintiff had not made a formal demand for the return of his money at the expiration of one year.

late Thursday afternoon the jury returned a verdict for the defendant.

On Friday there was a trial of the case of Dennis Shanahan vs. Benjamin Easton, an action in replevin to recover certain horses and other articles.

The engagement has been announced in New York of Miss Electra Havemeyer, daughter of Mrs. Henry O. Havemeyer, to Mr. J. Watson Webb, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Webb. Miss Havemeyer was introduced into society about three years ago, but has not entertained or entered society since the death of her father two years ago.

William H. Mathews of this city has been re-elected Grand Master of Masons (colored) in Rhode Island. Dr. Martin F. Wheatland of this city is Grand Junior Warden and Dr. M. Alonso Van Horne is Grand Secretary.

Bishop McVey visited St. George's Church Friday evening and administered the rite of Confirmation. There was a large attendance present.

### Superior Court.

The second week of the December session of the Superior Court has been in some respects busier than the first. On the civil side of the docket there has not been very much going on, with the exception of a few divorce trials, but on the criminal side there has been some marked activity. Especially at the session on Monday was this activity noticeable, for the Attorney General had given notice that all criminal cases would be in order for that day in a conscientious attempt to clear the docket of many of the old cases that have been accumulating for years.

Monday morning there was a large attendance of members of the bar to look out for their clients' interests. The docket was gone over quickly but carefully. There were some cases in which the defendants had died and these were struck off. Some cases were discontinued for lack of evidence, and others on payment of costs where the defendants had already suffered imprisonment while awaiting trial.

During the afternoon there was no appearance of defendants and cases was issued except on guarantee of counsel to produce them in court at certain dates. The criminal docket was by no means wiped out but there was very marked progress made in getting the old cases cleared up. The Attorney General wanted a hearing on the appeal for a new trial in the indictment against Joseph F. Badeney, but it was finally agreed that this should go over and be heard in Providence.

The indictment returned by the grand jury at the present session against John Martin for assault with a dangerous weapon was taken up. The defendant pleaded guilty and in view of some extenuating circumstances received the light sentence of thirty days in the Newport County Jail and costs.

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### School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening, and before the last meeting of the year there was considerable business of importance to be considered.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the four weeks ending November 24 was 872, the average number belonging 266.2, the average daily attending 323.0, the per cent of attendance 91.9, the cases of tardiness 845, and the cases of truancy 50. The enrollment is 118 more than one year ago.

The enrollment in the Townsend Industrial School was 1210. The average attendance in the evening schools was as follows:

Elementary—men	81.5
women	18.3
Highland drawing	19.6
Mechanical drawing	13
Bookkeeping	21.2
Stenography-typewriting	17.2

110.8

### Board of Health.

Since the October meeting 4 cases of scarlet fever and 4 cases of diphtheria have been reported and 18 pupils have been excluded from the public schools

Civics.

In November and December is the time to teach practical civics. Then the home and the school can work together. For the State election and later for the city, brief schedules of the most important topics were sent to teachers of grades III-IX, with the request that they teach their pupils as much as the age of the children would warrant. Sample ballots were also furnished. Politics did not enter into the lesson, but what the election meant, what officials were elected, and, in some cases, what were their general aims, were accounted.

The pupils of three grades also made a study, varying in quantity according to grade, of the fire department. An effort was made to bring out, the value of the department, the great service of the firemen, and the care that even children should take in preventing fire. Other departments of the city will be taken up during the year.

# The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON

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## CHAPTER XXV.

THE TRIAL OF VON BLITZ.

**T**HE next morning found the weather unsettled. There had been a fierce storm during the night, and a nasty mist was blowing up from the sea. Deppingham kept to his room although his cold was dissipated.

Chase had been up nearly all of the night, fearful lest the Islanders should seize the opportunity to scale the walls under cover of the tempest. All through the night he had been possessed of a spirit of wild bravado, in glorious exultation. He was keeping watch over her, standing between her and perch, guarding her while she slept. His thoughts, however, did not contemplate the princess fair in a state of wretched insouciance with himself as the disturbing element.

He looked for her at breakfast time. They usually had their rolls and coffee together. When she did not appear he made more than one pretext to lengthen his own stay in the breakfast room. "She's trying to forget yesterday," he reflected.

Selina came to him in the midst of his reflections, bearing a thick, rain-soaked envelope.

"It was found, excellency, inside the southern gate, and it is meant for you," said Selina. Chase gingerly slashed open the envelope with his fruit knife. He laughed ruefully as he read the simple but laborious message from Jacob von Blitz:

"Where are your warships all this time? They are not coming to you ever. Goodby. You got to die yet too. Your friend, Jacob von Blitz. And my wife too."

Chase stuffed the blurred, sticky letter into his pocket and arose to stretch himself.

"There's something coming to you, Jacob," he said, much to the wonder of Selina. "Selina, unless I miss my guess pretty badly, we'll be having a message not from Garcia, but from Rasula before long. How are my elegantes holding out?"

"They run low, sahli. Neenah has given all of hers to me for you, excellency, and I have demanded those of the wives of Von Blitz."

"Selina, you must not forget that you are a gentleman. That was most un-gallant. But I suppose you got them?"

"No, sahli. They refused to give them up. They are saving them for Mr. Britt," said Selina dejectedly.

"Ah, the fickleness of women!" he sneered. "There's a new word for you, Selina-fickleness."

It was far past midday when he heard from Rasula. He had seen the princess but once, and then she was walking briskly, wrapped in a rain coat, followed by her shivering dogs and her two Rapp-Thorberg soldiers. Somehow she failed to see Chase as he sauntered brashly, almost impudently, across the upper terrace, in plain view. Perhaps, after all, it was not the weather.

Rasula's messenger came to the gates and announced that he had a letter for Mr. Chase. Rasula had this to say:

We have reason to suspect that you were right in your suspicion. The gold of the state has been found this day in the cave below the chateau, just as you have said. This much of what you have charged against Jacob von Blitz seems to be borne out by the evidence secured. Last night there was an attempt to rob the vaults in the company's bank again. I followed your advice and laid a trap for the men engaged. They were slain in the struggle which followed. I have no intention, sir, that your charge against Jacob von Blitz does not hold good in the case of the bank robbery. Therefore I am impelled to believe that you may have unjustly accused him of being implicated in the robbery of the treasure chests. He was not among the bank robbers. There were but three of them—the Boers, the Boer foreman, Jacob von Blitz came up himself, and joined us in the fight against the robbers. He was wounded in his anger against them. We have sold the gold to the English again. So, I have taken it upon myself to place him under arrest, notwithstanding the accusations against the Boers. He shall have a fair trial. It is proved that he is guilty. He shall pay the penalty. We are just people.

She, the people of Japan, were taken at your word. We are here to appear against the princess and are prepared to support your charge. We shall be placed in your custody, moreover, as it is agreed. On our honor as a man and a soldier I assure you that you are among us in this connection. I, Rasula, will meet you at the gates and will conduct you back to them in safety. If you are a true man, you will not grade the girl."

"Well, it looks as though Von Blitz has split your gang," said Deppingham. "The big guns against his own federates and saves his own skin by killing them."

"In any event," said Browne, "you applied my little game. He loses the treasure, and he didn't get into the vaults. Rasula should take those plans into consideration."

"He won't forget them, rest assured. That's why I am sure that he'll take my word at the trial as a prima facie of Von Blitz," said Chase.

"But—you don't mean to say, Mr. Chase, that you are going to the trial?" cried Lady Agnes, wide-eyed.

"Certainly, Lady Deppingham. They are expecting me."

"Don't be foolish, Chase. They will kill you like a cat," exclaimed Deppingham.

"But as they won't," said the other confidentially. "They've given their orders."



He closed her lips and compelled her to obey the dictates of a retentive heart. She lowered them until they gave out the impression of indolent curiosity, even indifference. At the while her incomprehensible heart was thinking with a rapture that knew no allegiance to royal conventions.

A few minutes later he was among them, listening, with his cool, half-tired smile, to their protestations of joy and relief.

"Nonsense," he said in his most deprecating voice, taking a seat beside the princess on the rolling and fanning himself busily with his hat, to the mortification of his body servant, who waved a huge palm leaf in vigorous undulation. "It was nothing. Just being a witness, that's all. You'll find how easy it is when you get back to London and have to testify in the King's trial contest. Tell the truth, that's all." The princess was now looking at his brown face with eyes over which she had lost control. "Oh, by the by," he said, as if struck by a sudden thought, "it is my painful duty to announce to the Mesdames von Blitz that they are widows."

There was a dead silence. The three women stared up at him, uncomprehending.

"Yes," he went on solemnly, "Jacob is no more. He was found guilty by his judges and executed with commendable gusto and precision. He took



The princess was followed by her two Rapp-Thorberg soldiers.

his medicine bravely—twelve leaden pills administered by as many skillful surgeons. But it is yet too early to congratulate yourselves on your freedom. Rasula has promised to kill all of us, whether we deserve it or not."

"They shot him?" demanded Deppingham when he had finished.

"Admirably. By Jove, those fellows can shoot! They accepted my word against him—which is most gratifying to my pride. One other man testified against him—a chap who saw him with the Boers not ten minutes before the attempt was made to rob the vaults. Rasula appeared as counsel for the defense. Merely a matter of form. He knew that he was guilty. There was no talk of a new trial; no appeal to the supreme court, Britt; no expense to the community."

"No, not. It isn't that," she said, her eyes narrowing. "Don't misinterpret my coming here to say that I will go. It isn't because—no, it isn't that."

"I was unhappy because you had forsaken me," he said gently. "You are brave—you are wonderful! But I can't take you down there. I know what will happen if they find him guilty. Goodby, dear one. I'll come back—surely I'll come back. Thank you for sending me away happy."

"Won't you let me go with you?" she asked after a long, penetrating look into his eyes.

"I would not take you among them for all the world. You forget. Neither of us would come back."

"Neither of us," she said slowly.

"I wouldn't come back without you," he said quietly, earnestly. She understood. "Goodby! Don't worry about me. I am in no danger."

"Goodby," she said, the princess dove more. "I shall pray for you with all my soul." She gave him her hand. It was cold and lifeless. He pressed it warmly and went quickly away, leaving her standing there in the still shade of the salalwoods, looking after him with eyes that grew wider and wider with the tears that welled up from behind.

Hours went by—slow, tortuous hours in which the souls of those who watched and waited for his return were tried to the utmost.

Once there came to the ears of the watchers on the mountain side the sound of distant shouts, later the brief rattle of firearms. The blood of every one turned cold with apprehension. Every voice was stifled, every eye wide with dread. Neenah screamed as she fled across the terrace toward the drawbridge, where Selina stood as motionless as a statue.

Instantly passed, and again, as it was drawn by a magnet, the entire household made its way to the front of the chateau.

At last Selina uttered a shout of joy. She forgot the deference due his betters and unmercifully dashed toward the gates, followed by Neenah who seemed possessed of wings.

Chase was returning.

They saw him coming up the drive. He bit his hand, his white umbrella raised above his head. The eager, joyful watchers saw him greet Selina and his father's wife. They saw Selina upon his horse, and they felt the bars rattling to their own eyes.

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"Harr!" shouted Uncle Mr. Barrister in his excitement. Bowles and the three clerks joined him in the exultation. The princess was conscious of the fact that at least five or six pairs of eyes were watching her face.

elous short time to live. Well, we've—we've concluded to get all we can out of the time that's left, my lord. So I've come to ask if it will be all right with you and her ladyship, sir. We don't want to do anything that would seem forward and out of place, sir."

"It's very considerate of you, Saunders, but what the devil are you talking about?"

"Miss—Miss Pelham and I have decided to get—er—get married before it is too late."

Deppingham stared hard for a moment and then grinned broadly.

"You mean before you die?"

"That's it exactly, my lord. Haw, haw! It would be a bit late, wouldn't it, if we waited till afterward. Haw, haw! Splendid! So I have come to ask if you think it will interfere with your arrangements if—if we should be married tonight?"

"I'm sure, Saunders, that it won't discommode me in the least," said his lordship genially. "By all means, Saunders, let it be tonight, for to-morrow we may die."

"Will you kindly speak to her ladyship, sir?"

"Gladly. And I'll take it as an honor if you will permit me to give away the bride."

"Thank you, my lord," cried Saunders, his face beaming. His lordship shook hands with him, whereupon his cup of happiness overflowed, notwithstanding the fact that his honeymoon was likely to be of scarcely any duration whatsoever.

The wedding took place that night in the little chapel. Chase deliberately took possession of the princess after the hollow wedding supper had come to an end. Her mood had changed. Now she was quite at ease with him. The taunting gleam in her eyes prolonged evil moments for his peace of mind.

"I'm inspired," he said to her. "A wedding always inspires me."

"It's very strange that you've never married," she retorted. She was striding freely by his side, confident in her power to resist sentiment with mockery.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked abruptly.

"You are determined to go down there among those men?" she demanded, the smile suddenly giving way to a look of disapproval. She ignored his hand.

"Certainly," he said after the moment of bewilderment. "Why not? I—I thought you had made up your mind to let me go without a word for good luck." She found great difficulty in meeting the wistful look in his eyes. "You are good to come down here to say goodbye. We're almost strangers again."

"I did not come down to say goodbye," she retorted, her lips trembling ever so slightly.

"I don't understand," he said.

"I am going with you into the town as a witness," she said, and her face went pale at the thought of it.

"General," he cried, "you—you would do that?"

"Why not, Mr. Chase?" She tried to speak calmly, but she was trembling. After all, she was a slender, helpless girl—not an Amazon! "I saw and heard everything. They won't believe you unsupported. They won't harm me. If I swear to them that what you say is true they—"

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"I don't understand," he said.

"I am going with you into the town as a witness," she said, and her face went pale at the thought of it.

"General," he cried, "you—you would do that?"

"Why not, Mr. Chase?" She tried to speak calmly, but she was trembling.

"It's very strange that you've never married," she retorted. She was striding freely by his side, confident in her power to resist sentiment with mockery.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked abruptly.

"You are determined to go down there among those men?" she demanded, the smile suddenly giving way to a look of disapproval. She ignored his hand.

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# SHORT SPELL OF WEAKNESS

Quickly Followed by Death of  
Leopold, King of Belgium

## COLLAPSE WAS UNEXPECTED

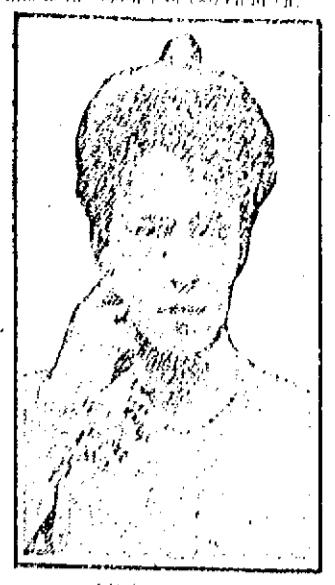
Much of the World Was Against  
Monarch For His Attitude Toward  
Congo Independent State—Amassed  
Fabulous Fortune as Result of Ability  
and Shrewdness—Nature of His  
Private Life Open to Criticism—Son  
of His Brother Succeeds to Throne

Brussels, Dec. 17.—King Leopold died at 2:35 this morning, his aged and wasted body being unable to stand the strain put upon it.

The collapse occurred suddenly and at a moment when the doctors seemingly had had the greatest hopes for his recovery.

The public at large was satisfied that the king was on the road to recovery, but within the pavilion, where the king lay, there was a feeling of anxiety, chiefly because of Leopold's great age. After a restful day, the patient was able to sleep for a brief time early in the evening, and the night passed quietly. But towards 2 o'clock alarming symptoms appeared.

Many of the details of Leopold's life remain unknown. Baroness Vaughan, who is 44, has been the king's companion since 1885, occupying a chateau close to the village where Leopold lives. She is the daughter of parents of the family of Delaroix, who were Justices First of Liege and afterwards in Paris. Her mother is dead and her father is an inmate of an asylum for the insane. She is the mother of two children.



PRINCESS ALBERT.

King Leopold spent a great deal of his time with the harness and gave his ministers much concern on this account. At one time there was talk of abdication, but as months went by his subjects apparently became accustomed to his ways and abdication became a thing of the past. The king leaves a fabuous fortune.

King Leopold's recent illness dated from about two weeks ago, when he was compelled to take to his bed, suffering from rheumatism. His confinement brought about intestinal obstruction, for which an operation was performed on Tuesday, and it was feared then that his age would prevent ultimate recovery.

**New King Is Popular**  
There being no direct hereditary heir this crown of Belgium passes to Prince Albert, the only son of Leopold's brother, the late Philippe, Count of Flanders. The new monarch was born April 8, 1876, and on Oct. 2, 1900, married Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria. They have three children, Prince Leopold, 8 years of age, Prince Charles, 6 years old, and Princess Marie-José, 3 years old.

Prince Albert is one of the most popular members of the reigning house of Belgium. His wife is equally popular, their home life being such as to attract the admiration and love of the people. Prince Albert has traveled extensively, and is a man of affairs. He has been a great student of politics and economics, and has frequently lectured on these subjects in public. To broaden his grasp on the affairs of the world he visited the United States and other countries, always studying, and always adding to his store of knowledge and philosophy.

**Many Years on Throne**  
Leopold II, King of the Belgians, son of the late King Leopold I, upon whose death, which occurred Dec. 10, 1865, he succeeded to the throne, was born at Brussels April 9, 1835. His father was the former prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and his mother Princess Louise, daughter of King Louise Philippe of France. On Aug. 12, 1852, he married Archduchess Marie Henriette, daughter of Archduke Joseph of Austria. She died Sept. 19, 1902. Three daughters were born of this union, Louise, Stephanie and Clementine. The two elder princesses have been estranged from their father, but Clementine remained in his affections.

**CREATE DRUG HABIT**

Dr. Willey Sees Menace to Children  
In Some Soda Concoctions

Washington, Dec. 17.—Delegates to the Reformers' conclave were taken sharply to task for their methods of accomplishing results by Dr. Willey, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture, who attacked the sale of drugs, especially cocaine, which, he said, was becoming such a menace to the general health that unless its use was better regulated he would advocate that its sale be prohibited entirely, even in medicines.

Caffeine, Willey continued, was another drug that offered a serious menace to health, especially the health of children, to whom it was served in numerous so-called "harmless" soda fountain drinks. This substance, he declared, did more to create the drug habit in the young than any other.

Maine Congressman Left \$750,000  
Dedham, Mass., Dec. 16.—The will of former Congressman Llewellyn Powers of Houston, Me., was allowed by Judge Flint in the Norfolk probate court here. It had previously been probated in Aroostook county, Me. It disposed of an estate valued at \$750,000.

**Robbers Clean Out Cigar Store**  
Providence, Dec. 15.—Twenty-one thousand cigars, 1,900 pounds of cigar filler, 38 packages of cut plug, 125 boxes of cigarettes and 23 boxes of snuff were stolen from an Italian cigar store on Atwells avenue.

**JUDGE LURTON'S AGE**

Judiciary Committee's Only Criticism  
of Supreme Bench Appointee

Washington, Dec. 16.—The senate committee on judiciary voted unanimously to report favorably the nomination of Judge Horace H. Lurton to be an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States.

Some members of the committee expressed the opinion that it would have been better to name a younger man, Judge Lurton being in his 66th year, but there was no general opposition to him, or any criticism except as to his age.

## WRECK OF THE GOVERNOR ANES

Famous Five-Masted Schooner  
Goes to Pieces In Gale

## FOURTEEN LIVES ARE LOST

**Cole Survivor, Picked Up Day After Disaster, Tells of Desperate Flights For Lives—Life Preservers Too Rotten to Float—Captain's Wife Was Crushed to Death by a Falling Spar as Schooner Breaks Up**

Charleston, Dec. 17.—Falling, a thrilling story of the wreck of the five-masted schooner Governor Ames, in which the captain, A. M. King of Everett, Mass., his wife and twelve men were drowned, Justin Spearling, the sole survivor, was brought here on the steamer Shawmut.

Spearling was picked up Tuesday by Captain Swartz of the Atherton, from the wreckage where he lay. He was badly injured and is still unable to walk.

Spearling says that in the forenoon of last Monday, in a high wind and heavy, foggy sea, the Governor Ames struck rock and broke off. The sea came in on the quarter deck and the sailors dashed the captain's wife to the spanker deck. The men then got the life preservers, but when they tried to use them they fell to pieces.

The captain's wife was almost frozen and blankets were brought for her. The men who went for them had hardly gotten on deck before the stern broke in two and the cabin filled with water. About 2 o'clock the boat went to pieces completely.

The woman had been dashed from place to place, but at length a falling mast crushed her to death, killing one of the men at the same time.

Spearling climbed up on a mast and found there another seaman with his fingers cut off. "Help me!" cried the latter, and Spearling attempted to do so, when a heavy sea dashed them both into the water. Spearling grabbed some floating ties and hung on all night until picked up by the Shawmut the next morning.

The catastrophe occurred about five miles from shore, but the water was too rough to make rafts available, all efforts to launch them failing.

The Governor Ames was the first and for a long time the only vessel of her type on the coast. She was built at Waldoboro, Me., in 1888 and cost \$75,000.

## LABOR'S BATTLE DECREE

**Fight Against Steel Corporation Formally Launched at Pittsburgh**

Pittsburg, Dec. 15.—War was formally declared on the United States Steel corporation by the leaders of organized labor throughout the United States and Canada at the close of a two-day conference here.

The decision to battle long and hard against the stand taken by the steel corporation in its policy of "open shop" was reached by the labor conference after two hours of debate.

At the conference which passed the remarkable battle decree, Samuel Gompers presided, and through him the measure was put upon the record books of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor.

The resolution deals principally with the low wages paid the men in the employ of the steel corporation; the hours of work and the general condition of oppression under which the corporation is alleged to hold its employees.

## RAVAGES BY DEER

**It May Result in a Short Open Season in the Bay State**

Boston, Dec. 17.—As a result of the many claims presented to the state treasurer this year on account of damage done by deer, a strenuous effort will be made in the next legislature to have an open season adopted, for a part of the fall, at least.

This year the amount paid out of the state treasury for deer damages is \$7,923.09, with probably a large number of claims still to come in, and this in spite of the law passed two years ago permitting farmers to kill deer discovered in the act of injuring crops or trees.

Most of the claims this year come from the western counties, although the town of Salisbury has presented eighteen for small amounts.

**Little Fellow Kills His Brother**  
Foxcroft, Me., Dec. 14.—Clyde Oakes, aged 10, shot and instantly killed his brother Norman, aged 15, while playing with an "unloaded" rifle in their home at Stedman's Landing. The 38-calibre bullet carried away the top of the victim's head.

## Baroness as an Actress

London, Dec. 17.—Beerbohm Tree's revival of the Christmas play, "Pinkle and the Fairies," was notable for the successful debut as an actress of Baroness Von Hutton, formerly Betsy Riddle of Pennsylvania, in the role of Aunt Imogen.

## Seven Dead in Tenement House Fire

Cincinnati, Dec. 15.—Blackened and ruined walls of a four-story tenement house here bear evidence of an early morning fire in which seven lives were sacrificed and a dozen persons were injured, three probably fatally. An overturned kerosene lamp upset by a fight on the second floor is said to have started the blaze.

## SENATOR RAINES DEAD

Greatest Fame Came as Father of New York's Liquor Law  
Canandaigua, N. Y., Dec. 17.—Post Senator John Raines, who has been leader of the Republican forces on the floor of the New York state senate, has died here, after an illness of several weeks, of intestinal trouble.

Raines was born in 1836, in Utica, N. Y., and was a member of the state assembly, a senator, a member of the state legislature, and a member of the state senate.

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He was a member of the state



## THE PURSUIT OF SALLY

And the New Professor in the Woman's College.

By LOUISE OSBORN.  
(Copyright, 1900, by American Press Association.)

"They'll never think of looking for us here in the grove at this time!" Sally Purdon looked anxiously over her shoulder with less confidence than her words implied.

"But what if they don't find us?" asked Julia breathlessly, trying to keep pace with her companion. "If we aren't able to get back to the village in time for the dinner that won't help us very much."

"Well I'll manage to get back all right," said Sally, looking carefully through the trees at the fading light of the autumn sun. "It will be dark enough soon for us to make a dash out through the other end of the grove, through one of the firs, and from there we can get to the village from the upper end. The sophomores won't expect us in that direction."

"Quick!" Sally had suddenly changed the tone of her voice and was clutching with an arm around her companion behind a clump of laurel bushes. "They're in the grove," she whispered. "Do not and don't breathe!"

"Oh, dear!" whispered Julia as the sharp twinges stung her face, but Sally's pulse, thumped suddenly over her mouth, cut her complaint short.

The sound of hurried footsteps on the dead leaves and whispering voices came nearer. "They're in here somewhere," said one. "We must get Sally away." The footsteps suddenly ceased within ten feet of the crowding bushes.

Sally, with one hand still held firmly over her companion's mouth, started with every step.

"They've circled us," whispered one, and the sound of the rustling leaves announced at least a temporary relief for the freshman. What the sounds were lost in the distance Sally crawled



BLOCCED PAST THE EXasperated Sophomore.

carefully from the bushes, dragging her friend. Hap and distracted, with her, she crawled past the exasperated sophomore.

"I can't move a step," Julia begged. "I'm so dreadfully frightened."

"Fiddlesticks, Julia," said Sally, with scorn. "Why, if the girls had known you were such a baby they would never have elected you vice president."

"Oh, I wish they hadn't. It's dreadful. Do they steal just the officers?"

"Of course. Just me and you and the treasurer and the secretary," Sally explained. "You ought to be proud to be worth stealing. Let's make a dash for the farm now before they come back." Argument having failed, Sally tried to carry her friend by main force. "Quick!" she urged. "They're coming."

The returning footsteps only made the timid vice president more stolid. "I can't move!" she moaned.

Suddenly the figure of a sophomore sprang from behind the shadows of the trees. Julia started to scream.

"Silence!" commanded the sophomore in mock solemnity.

The plucky little freshman president let go her hold on her helpless friend, dodged the attempted grasp of a second sophomore who had appeared on the scene and ran with a sure foot and a steady pulse through the dark grove toward the farm and the open country beyond. She leaped skillfully over a fence, dashed down a country lane, crept under a hedge and found herself to the open highway that led to the village.

It was now about 6 o'clock, and she had half an hour to make her way through the ranks and traps of the vigilant sophomores to her expectant classmates awaiting her in gals sitting at one of the village tea rooms.

Freshmen presidents had evaded sophomores before and reached their class banquets, but they had been disguised as peddlers or smuggled in tied up in laundry bags or wrapped in barrels and delivered from caterers' wagons hours before the banquet.

"I'll just have to trust to luck and my own muscle," thought Sally, with undaunted nerve, as she walked along the country road.

But when, as she rounded the last corner and turned into the village street, she heard the sound of quick footsteps behind the hedge at her side she felt a fatiguing sense of defeat.

"There she is," she heard some one call, and Sally made a sudden run across the street and dashed through the campus gate into the protecting shadow of one of the college buildings. Safe for a moment, she crawled along the wall to the corner of the building. Then, with head bent forward, she made another quick turn and rushed headlong into—

With a quick sense of relief it came to her that sophomores didn't wait

overhead, it was only a procession. "Excuse me," she said, trying to speak so as hitting head first into professor was an everyday occurrence.

"Sally," he said, and for a moment the plucky freshman president lost her wits and forgot all about the pursuing sophomores and the expectant classmate.

"Stephen Dray," she gasped, "how could you?"

"How could I? what? Didn't you know I was here?" The man stood before her in bewilderment.

"How could I? Why, I didn't even know that you knew I was here!" she exclaimed, trying to make herself clear. "Oh, you are the most unreasonable man in the world. Did you come today?"

"Come today, Sally! Why, I'm a professor here. I thought I'd try to bury myself here with my books and forget."

"Oh," said Sally in surprise, "and I came here to get my degree?" She wrung her hands with impatience. "Stephen, you are so inconsiderate. You ought to have known that I'd want to come here to college. And I was having such a time this morning, and now you're going to spoil it all. Why will you be so persistent?"

"You can't fully well change your mind about my persistence, Sally. Why?"—he clasped his hands helplessly at his sides—"why, Sally, I—I shan't even speak to you—only, of course, as an instructor."

"An instructor? Stephen, are you really an instructor?" Sally laughed a funny little laugh that made Stephen wince. "Well, I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Instructor, for butting into you."

The sound of the exasperating sophomores urged Sally on. "Goodbye, Stephen," she said, but Stephen detained her with an outstretched hand.

"Just once, Sally!" he began. "Do you want me to check the whole thing and get away?"

"Why, not of course not!" she assured him, preoccupied with the sound of the approaching voices. She hurried past him and crouched down. Then, with a sudden determination, she whispered, "Stephen!"

He turned and came back.

"Help me, Stephen," Sally whispered, rising to her feet. "They're after me—the sophomores. You're not an instructor now; you're just Stephen. Please"—her hands clutched his arms convulsively—"please get me to the banquet, and fit!"

Stephen, mindful of his own far distant college days, caught the situation in a flash. "Get down!" he commanded. "Lie as flat as you can!" Sally obeyed, and Stephen threw his ample arm over her. Then, bending down, he began to examine the bark of a tree a few feet away.

The sophomores, completely mystified by the sudden disappearance of their prey and not daring to make known the object of their quest to a professor, hurriedly left. "I thought he was the new English instructor!" Stephen heard one of the sophomores exclaim, "but he seems to be doing botany experiments."

Two minutes later Stephen left the tree and came cautiously over to Sally. "I guess I can dash down to the tennis room now," suggested Sally from beneath the coat.

Stephen had other plans. "Here!" he ordered, lifting her up and tickling her hands into the sleeves of the overcoat. "Can you lie your half down so that it will go into my hat?" And, while Sally worked with sure fingers pinning down her disheveled hair, the instructor began unlacing his heavy boots.

"The coat is long enough to cover your dress, and the collar turned up will come to your ears, and the hat pulled down will cover your forehead. Sit down a second while I fasten these over your shoes. You can walk little way with the two pairs, I fancy."

The shoes fastened and the hat drawn down, Sally jumped to her feet with a thrill of victory, and, without stopping to consider the plight of the bootless Stephen, hurried bravely on to the banquet and slouched past the exasperated sophomores like some weary tramp.

The next day curiosity was rife. "How on earth did Sally Purdon evade the sophomores?" asked the upper class men, and the freshmen, knowing the manner of her disguise, asked in vain for the name of the one who furnished her forth so generously. "It was a miracle," Sally told them, with a twinkle in her eye that only increased their curiosity.

Two days later Sally encountered Stephen to the campus.

"Stephen," she exclaimed. "It was the biggest freshman triumph in years!"—She laughed with enthusiasm and gratitude. "But I don't just know how to get your things back again. Perhaps I could drop them out of my window some night and—"

"Ob, never mind that," interrupted Stephen, disregarding the fact that he was wearing a borrowed hat and shivering for the want of a coat. "What I want to know is what you started to say you'd do if I saw you through?"

"Oh," gasped Sally in alarm. "Didn't you know? And maybe you wouldn't have done it if you had known."

"Sally Purdon," Stephen asked almost seriously. "Will you marry me or won't you?"

"Stephan Dray," said Sally, trying to imitate his tone. "I will."

## Queen Friends

On board the China Castle R. M. S. Gothic on a voyage from the Cape to Tenasserim was a little master belonging to one of the stewards. It was very fond of sitting on the back of a tortoise, another ship's pet, while the latter crawled about the deck. Although rather ill tempered and suspicious of people, the monkey was always friendly with the tortoise, which made me wonder if being used as big stock-Wide World Magazine.

The Little Flying Colours. The dragon-boat race was over at last. As you remember, Sally Purdon is the little Queen of the Dragon-boat race. Now, the King of the Dragon-boat race is the King of the Dragon-boat race.

With a quick sense of relief it came to her that sophomores didn't wear

## The Swiftest Runners.

To Mexico, to the little mountain town of Bocoyan, to the State of Chiapas, there is a tribe of Indians whose physical endurance and long-distance running are phenomenal. A writer in the New York Sun says this tribe of savages call themselves Tarahumara. Their powers have been brought to light by the construction of an American railroad in the neighborhood.

Although pods of other tribes and those invited to the service of long-distance running can seldom run more than ten miles, the Tarahumara think nothing of jaunts of one hundred to two hundred miles, and these distances, too, at a gait that seems leisurely.

The favorite course is from Bocoyan to the town of Minas and return, a distance of one hundred and ten miles in all, and over a trail exceedingly rough in places.

At a rate not long ago Americans made up a purse of one hundred dollars to reward the winner. Great interest was manifested in the race, for the sum offered is a considerable fortune to the members of the tribe. A council was immediately held by the chiefs, and two of the fastest runners were selected to contest for the prize.

When all was ready the runners set out from Bocoyan first at a slow swinging gait. As they went along they warmed to their work, and the pace was quickened. To the surprise of everybody, the winner made the full distance in sixteen hours.

Each year the Tarahumara hold a big race meet at the town of Siepehucho, usually in the month of November. The race-track takes in a big sweep of country, and eight miles in circumference, the total distance being one hundred and forty miles. On the last occasion of this meet the winner came home in thirty hours, and three others were close up.

What was still more wonderful was the fact that each runner was handicapped by having to kick a wooden ball along the ground in front of him for the entire journey, and was disqualified if he touched it with his hands.

Prior to the construction of the railroad, it was nothing for a Tarahumara to leave Bocoyan for Chiapas, a distance of one hundred and fifty-five miles by way of the most direct trail over the mountains, one morning and return the next morning. It is hard to believe that this two hundred and seventy miles could be covered by a human being about in twenty-four hours, but it has been done time and again by the Indians.

They seem to be possessed of greater lung capacity than any other known race of people.

They eat very little before making their long journeys.

As to their method of progression, it is peculiar, and adapted to long-distance journeys. They move along in sort of lop, or swing trot, which does not seem to be in the least tiring.

Some time ago a Mexican communist arrived at Bocoyan. He had with him an important dispatch which he desired to send at the earliest possible moment to the war department. The nearest telegraph point was Chilchihual. He entrusted the message to a Tarahumara runner, and it was delivered to the federal telegraph operator in exactly nine hours. The runner was back in Bocoyan in twelve hours. Then he had a sleep of three hours, and was sent with another message to the military commander at Patzcuaro, two hundred miles distant. When he returned he was seemingly none the worse for the trip.

The Tarahumara have learned none of the vices of the white man. This may be the secret of their endurance. They are strictly temperate, and tobacco is unknown to them.

## Sonny's Father's Wisdom.

From "A Monologue by Sonny's Father" in "the Christmas Century."

He was a good man, my father was, on his usual form of address to me, was "my son" there is, unadorned, no! I don't know but it's helped me all my life. It's sort of challenges me to be called "my son" by a good man.

I've always thought that if I had my choice, my life could express wisdom, I'd choose for it to be pride.

We had a happy life together, mother and me. Somehow, Doo, I've taken to misusing, erasing lately, an! I like it. It's company to me, I mean, isn't it? When the dead are laid, forgot, they cease to be company to us.

It's mighty hard to look in any direction an' not see life, or love, or joy—an' mostly all three.

I like children to grow up with the responsibility of dependent life about 'em; an' the more services it requires of 'em, the better.

That's my chief objection to most of the new labor-saving machines; they're to sensible an' cold.

That's my principal objection to automobiles. It's a lack of heart, along with insanity, an' a disposition to override. Think of a horse with a "honk" for a whinney—an' a gaseous breath!

The perfect' of common things an' the removal of obstacles seem like it would result in perfect ease an' unrelied health, after a while; but I suppose it'll only mean a shiftin' of pivots an' a new class of ailments—an' busters.

Temper's a good, honest fault, once it's in hand.

If I knew I was liable to be wiped out sudden, an' had a last-minute vote to what I'd be next, I'd say, "Ef it's the same to you, dear Lord, these do it over ag'in. Make me a boy ag'in. Th' ain't nothin' like it."

"Stephan Dray," said Sally, trying to imitate his tone. "I will."

## Editor—Did you interview the leader of the suffragettes?

Reporter—I tried to, but she wouldn't talk.

Editor—Wouldn't talk? Good heavens, man, was she dead?—Circle.

Teacher—What is the superlative of life?

Scholar (after having pondered for some time)—Dead!—Mondo Umorista.

"King Solomon's Mines" netted \$6000 on its opening.

Do not despair of early poor sick health—Carter's Smart Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure.

Rodd—How can that be?

Sauso—He works in the mint.

A woman isn't always true to her colors, even when she paints.

## CASTORIA.

See the Red Book kept bright.

Signature of *Chat H. Fletcher*

## THE CAT AND THE BABY.

A Medical Opinion as to the Tradition of a Feline Danger.

Soviet physiologists have investigated the ancient story that cats suck the breath of babies, and Dr. J. Rice Gibbs declares that the theory is ridiculous. Cats occasionally kill children, he declares, but they do it in a different fashion.

"It has been stated that a cat's teeth are so formed as to make a perfect juncture with the nose of a baby," said Dr. Gibbs, "and that a little pressure would push them upward and make them a perfect fit. Then the cat's chin, which rests over and below the baby's mouth, prevents it from opening to relieve the strangulation while the cat sucking its breath. That is all rot. The manner in which little children are killed by cats is this:

A cat looking for a warm place to curl up and sleep lies down upon the chest of a little child, and, being quite heavy—many cats are as heavy as little babies—simply crushes the breath out of the child's lungs, and strangulation takes place, but not through sucking of the child's breath.

"The idea that only black cats kill little babies is equally ridiculous. It is simply because black cats are considered unlucky. In former times the black cat was considered the very genius of witchcraft. In those days when a baby died the blame was often laid upon the black cat, and when a black cat died the blame was often laid upon the mother.

"Black cats are an excellent color for a kitchen and pantry as well as for a hall through which there is much tramping. It is a better color for durability than brown or tan.

Where any person has made a declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States for three years a passport valid for six months may be issued to him. This passport is not renewable and does not entitle the holder to the protection of this government in the country of which he was originally a citizen.—New York American.

## CARE OF FLOORS.

What an Expert Has to Say About Their Treatment.

It is money in the pocket and time to save to housekeepers to have floors of apartments and houses finished to

**Historical and Genealogical.****Notes and Queries.**

had twin sons Alfred and Albert; second wife Polly Gurney had Betsy; Jesusus John, married Delta Cook; Mary; Prudy, married Anna Rose; Andrew, married Mary Young, (2) June Ann Poller.

Clark, married (1) Ann Coffin; (2) Sarah Miles; Job, married Jennette Gurney; John, married Thomas Bryant.

Mary Card, born Dec 26, 1768, died Nov 2, 1815, was daughter of Benjamin Coggeshall and Tacy (Lewis) Card. He was born —, died 1803; she was born Sept 26, 1748, died 1828; both were buried in Card ground and graves marked.

Benjamin Coggeshall Card, adoptive son of Joseph and Judith Card.

Tacy Lewis, born Sept 27, 1748, was daughter of Enchard and Mary (Kenyon) Lewis, married to Christopher, Jr., I., Feb 27, 1742; Mary, daughter of John and Elizabeth (Remington) Kenyon, —, I. B. S.

**Real Estate Sales and Rentals.**

A. Q.D. Taylor has rented to Doctor

Henry J. Knapp, the residence, consulting rooms, automobile shed and stable in rear, at No. 20 Catherine street, corner of Brinley street. The lesson

is the belief of the late Dr. David King.

These premises were once occupied by the late Dr. Rankin, but have since

that time been rented by Mr. Taylor continuously for 18 years to Dr. Knapp.

Direct all communications to

Miss E. M. TILLEY,

Newport Real Estate Broker,

Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1909.

**NOTES.**

From OLD NEWPORT RECORDS—Deed, Timothy Peckham of Newport and Diana his wife, to Benjamin Norton, land in Newport, fronting on a street leading from Thames street, to a Street or Highway.

Bounded northerly on said Street, 10 feet easterly on land of sd, Timothy Peckham 80 feet, southerly on land of John Chipman and partly on land belonging to Nathaniel Coggeshall, 10 feet, and westerly on land belonging to sd, Benjamin Norton.

Dated February 11, 1715; recorded March 81, 1749.

Deed, Freight Coggeshall of Newport, to say William Coggeshall, Mariner, land, bounded north on highway 180 feet, west Freight Coggeshall 64 feet, east on a way south on Benedict Arnold's land, westerly on a lot of Freight Coggeshall, northerly on a highway leading west of 30 feet wide.

Dated June 17, 1719; recorded June 17, 1719.—E. M. T.

**QUERIES.**

6545. TUCKI.—Benjamin Tucki and Darkie Downer were married at Newport, R. I., May 18, 1768? Can any one give me a list of their children? T. T.

6549. LYNDON.—Would like list of children of Caleb Lyndon, of Newport, R. I. He married, Jan. 29, 1767, Sarah Hammond? Did they have a daughter Abigail? T. T.

6550. HAMMOND.—Who were the parents of Susannah Hammond of above query?—T. T.

6551. GODDARD.—Who were the parents of Daniel Goddard, of Jamestown, R. I.? He married Mary Tripp, at Dartmouth, Mass., and came to Newport about 1784?—T. T.

6552. TOWNSEND.—Would like particulars of Job Townsend, who was born 1700, died Jan. 18, 1765. He married Rebecca —— Would like her ancestry.—T. T.

6553.—WEAVER.—Who was Elizbeth, wife of Clement Weaver, of Middletown, R. I.? She was mentioned in his will, dated Jan 18, 1754, rec. Sept 18, 1769. He also mentioned son James. Is this the James Weaver who married Rebecca Coggeshall Oct 1 or St. 1807?—T. T.

6554. CARPENTER.—Abigail Carpenter and William Card were married S. 19, 1758. Abigail was born 7. 18, 1758. William and Nabby Card of Newport, R. I. sold to John Carpenter (probably of East Greenwich) the land drawn to the division of estate of father, the late Col. John Carpenter, I. & 1792, East Greenwich land records. William and Nabby Card had issue: William, Mary, Joseph, Abigail, Elizabeth Allen, Cornelia Carpenter, John Carpenter and Thomas Carpenter, who died young. What was the name of the wife of Colonel John Carpenter?—A. B.

6555. GARDINER.—Nathaniel Gardner is said to have married a Larke. He had children, Nathaniel, Edwin, Mary and Easton Gardner. Later married Hannah Taft. Wanted ancestry of Nathaniel Gardner and his wife —— Larke, or was it Easton? One of Easton Gardner's sons married a Hannah Stevens, daughter of Ira Stevens. Wanted information of them. Can not some one like?—M.

**ANSWERS.**

6552. KENYON.—Who L. C. Miller for children of Clark Kenyon and his wife Mary Card, I did not have access to my records, and have not been able to copy them. I think they are to be found in Cemetery at Greenwich, Washington Co., N. Y., and can be seen there.

CASE.—Baptized July 7, 1712, died Nov. 6, 1742.—Unknown.—Sister, Lydia, born Dec 22, 1712, died Nov. 7, 1742, born Providence, R. I. Children

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